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No. II.]

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Ὀὐκ ἀνέθε θεοῦ εἰ κίρnearum theæ πολέμιοι, A.T.S. 1863.

THE
ANTI-TEAPOT REVIEW.

A Magazine of Politics, Literature, and Art.

Edited by Members of the Universities, and written only by Members
of the Anti-Teapot Society of Europe.

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ANTI-TEAPOT SOCIETY.

THE ANTI-TEAPOT SOCIETY was founded at Reading, in December, A.D. 1862. THE ANTI-TEAPOT REVIEW first appeared, for the use of Members of the Society, in MS., on May 1st, 1863; and since then the Society has gradually increased. It has now become necessary to have the REVIEW printed; and it is hoped that before long the Society may be considerably increased. The Society is a private Society, and no one is admitted as a member who has not filled up the form of admission, and been nominated and seconded by two officers of the Society. The forms of admission are in English, French, German, and Dutch: other translations will shortly appear.

A. T. S. BOAT CLUB.—1864.

The above is open to all Members of the Anti-Teapot Society. The Captain of the Club was formerly the Stroke-oar of one of the Oxford College Eights.

A. T. S. CRICKET CLUB.—1864.

The Cricket Club is open to all playing Members of the Anti-Teapot Society. The Captain is a Member of Trinity College, Dublin.

A. T. S. FIVES CLUB.

Members desirous of joining the above should communicate with the President of the Anti-Teapot Society.

The Uniforms authorised by the Society may be obtained of the Agents appointed by the President.

No Subscription is required of any Members of the Society who have or shall hereafter join the Boat, Cricket, or Fives Club.

A. T. S. CHORAL SOCIETY.

As there are at present only twenty Members, the Honorary Conductor will be happy to receive the names of all Anti-Teapots who are desirous of joining the Choral Society.

A. T. S. MUSIC BOOKS.

The Editors beg to acknowledge the receipt of several tunes for the above publication, and will be glad of any further contributions promised by Members of the Society.

The Treasurer begs to remind Members that their Annual Subscriptions are due from April to April.

Notices to Correspondents.

We do not notice religious publications, as ours is not a theological review.

We have received several very important publications on the Sunday question, to which we shall give our earliest attention.

Several contributions are unavoidably held over.

Books for Review and other publications should be addressed to the Editor of THE ANTI-TEAPOT REVIEW, care of Messrs. HOULSTON & WRIGHT, 65, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

Nothing can be inserted in the REVIEW which does not emanate from the pen of a Member of the Society.

Some kind people who cannot grasp the meaning of Anti-Teapot have deluged us with works and tracts on "Tea-totalism," with which system we have nothing whatever to do.

. ADVERTISEMENTS for No. III. should be sent to the Publishers of THE ANTI-TEAPOT REVIEW, of whom all particulars as to terms may be learned.

ANNEXED IS THE REVISED SCALE FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

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MARRIED.—On Thursday, July 28, at Trinity Episcopal Church, Edinburgh, by Rev. V. GRANTHAM FAITHFULL, M.A., JOHN CHARLES YOUNG, Esq., A.T.S., M.A., Queen's Coll., Oxon, Senior Classical Master at the Edinburgh Institution, to MARY ANN, only daughter of WILLIAM HANSON, Esq., 10, Forres Street, Edinburgh.

THE

ANTI-TEAPOT REVIEW.

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No. II. — AUGUST, 1864.
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OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

THE battle of Putney has been so often won by Oxford of late years, that it is the fashion for Oxford men to think themselves omnipotent on the river. At cricket, too, the star of Oxford has been in the ascendant. *En revanche*, Cambridge won the best prizes at the athletic sports. The less we say of billiards and rackets at this late hour of the day the better; but we hope to see better order kept at Putney in future races, and the cricket match played at the Oval instead of Lord's. Those in authority ought not to rest till horsemen have been kept off the paths, as at Henley, and pseudo-captains of steamers taught good manners. We like and desire to see an honourable rivalry, both intellectual and physical, between the two universities; but it would be difficult to adjudge the prize of merit to either. There are peculiarities of thought and expression which circulate in each University, and the routine is not the same in Cambridge as at Oxford; Cambridge has more College and fewer University examinations than Oxford. A Cambridge M.A. is admitted at Oxford *comitatis causâ*; while an Oxford M.A. is admitted at Cambridge *ad eundem gradum*. This may appear a distinction without a difference; but it is not creditable to Oxford authorities. Ten year-men and term-trotting have been done away with, and private halls have proved a dead failure. Cambridge dons are, as a body, less donnish than Oxford dons; but undergraduates have no right to consider themselves snubbed as long as tutors are considered by them as sheer nuisances, and deans as moral policemen. We may fairly assert that Oxford is more Conservative than the sister university; but for energy in real Church work, commend us

to Cambridge. We cannot be blind to the work carried on of old by the Camden Society, or shut our eyes to the fact that the English Church Union shows more signs of vitality in Cambridge than in Oxford; while Conservatism is feebly represented in Oxford by the Conservative Association. The new statute has stuck in the throats of many Conservatives, but its merits are undoubtedly great; and although we cannot speak highly of the University Commission, the substantial rewards allotted to its chief members by a paternal government speak for themselves. The most thorough-going Radicals must acknowledge that real Oxford reform would be simply revolution. The foundations of Chichele and Waynflete would have to be looked at through other than Anglican spectacles. If the authorities at Magdalen cannot conscientiously apply funds to the purpose for which they were bequeathed by the founder, let them relieve their minds by at once handing over the money to the Roman Catholics in St. Clement's. The anomaly of a hymn on May-day at five o'clock in the morning on the top of Magdalen Tower, will then be done away with at once, and the funds applied as they ought to be, in accordance with the founder's wishes.

We have heard it asserted that "Cambridge turns out more practically clever men than Oxford;" and, whether the assertion be founded on fact or not, we are not at all inclined to accept the rejoinder that "Oxford turns out more gentlemen." The epithets applied to public schools were, we are sure, not written by Rugbeians or old Westminsters, who do not at all deserve the epithets bestowed upon them. Again, the expression "Liverpool Gentlemen and Manchester Snobs" was not invented by Mr. Bazley's constituents; and it would require strong reasoning to prove that all Liverpool merchants are gentlemen, or, *vice versa*, that all Manchester cotton-lords must be snobs. In a war of words, men have a right to be particular to the minutest hair's breadth of a shade. But Etonians are just the same to Rugbeians, and Liverpool men as friendly with Manchester men, as though no invidious distinction had been drawn between them on paper. But to think that in one of two enlightened universities men should assume for Oxford a superiority which Cambridge does not admit, is to our minds astounding. *Mira, sed acta loquimur.* Cambridge men have frequently told us that in travelling they are constantly snubbed by Oxonians, simply because they are not at or of Oxford. We do not mean to assert that the rule is universal, we only state a fact. Oxford men become offensive and Teapotty as soon as

they begin to talk of the vast superiority of Oxford over Cambridge. For our own parts *ὄν θεοῖς θεηχόοισι πολέμοι φανούμεθα*. Let Oxford men come down from their vast height, and condescend, whether on steamer, diligence, or rail, to ordinary humanity. We want no petty distinctions drawn between those who either are, or ought to be, equally scholars and gentlemen. Life is too short for all to become kings, and there must be a few nothings. Let Oxonians give to Cambridge men the honour they deserve, and by so doing increase their own.

SORBONIST.

TOURISTS AND CURISTS. :

At this time of the year, all Englishmen are meditating travel and adventure. If they did nothing more than this, tourist localities would become nonentities; but unfortunately intentions are, with malice prepense, in 99 cases out of 100 carried into effect, and in August and September, all Europe is swarming with English travellers. It is very difficult to find a spot which this tribe of tourists has not invaded and spoiled. Switzerland is getting stale, and the Saltzkammergat is becoming well known. Scotland is pestered with cheap trippers, like those from Manchester who worried Wordsworth years ago at the English Lakes. Bradshaws, Murrys, and Practical Guides have exhausted the subject of "What to see, and how to see it." We therefore take a different strain, and write a few words of caution.

In the last edition of Bradshaw's Continental Guide appeared a new route in an out-of-the-way district called the Schwartzwald, or Black Forest. The two Anti-Teapots whose experiences are recorded, wisely enclosed the charges which ought to be paid in every district; and, moreover English travellers were exhorted not to spoil the place for those who came after. But we have heard from one of the two writers that the said district is now, in consequence of the notice in Bradshaw, completely beset by English tourists, and that everything is paid for in proportion. Baden Weilar was named as a great place for old Roman antiquities and mineral springs, for a climate quite irreproachable, and a lovely district of country which beats the Rhine; a good band of music three times a-day, and a reading-room where English papers might be seen. A less fashionable place, not a mile distant, called Oberweiler, was also very highly

spoken of, and highly commended for its salubrity and cheapness. The travelling Anti-Teapots discovered that all their expenses at the Wilden Mann, Oberweiler, amounted to 25s. a-week each. The ascent of Blauen and the Belchen is given, together with other particulars of the country. On the strength of all this, English people besiege the Black Forest, lavish their money, bribe the natives with "dust," and spoil the whole district. We can speak most highly of the Black Forest in general, though we advise no one to fish there without written permission to do so. Lastly, we exhort all travellers to recollect that a very little money in the Black Forest goes a very long way, and that a bachelor may live comfortably there on £30 a-year. Without this caution what might have been snug reading and fishing quarters, will be speedily turned into a bear-garden, infested by extravagant tourists. Those who seek health would have enjoyed a sojourn at the primitive Wilden Mann, or at the Roëmer Bad; but we are afraid that the glory has already departed, and that Baedeker or some other German book will have to show us another route for next year.

THE CRINOSE CRISIS.

OR, NOTES ON BEARDS AND CRINOLINE.

THE author of the *Spectator* abused the ladies of his day for wearing hats, and declared they were not "modest;" what would he say to "pork pies," cavaliers, and crinoline? True, long waists and hoops were once the fashion, and it would not have required a very large vestiary to hold the garments of our first parents. Though fashions must vary in every age, there are true principles, even in dress, which must always hold good. Long waists and hoops went out of fashion; the former were never meant for women, except those blue-stockings of the Elizabethan stamp, who believed in Arcadianism, cousin-murder, and mighty ale for breakfast.

Hoops went out of fashion, not because they showed off the female figure to disadvantage, but because, from the undeveloped state of machinery in those days, their weight was oppressive. At the time we are writing M. Godard is using aerial crinoline, which expands to the capacity of 14,000 cubic feet, for a giant balloon, which will throw Nadar's into the shade.

Tempora mutantur. Hoops are not what they were, a transformation scene from the brewhouse to St. James's; and ladies are no longer galled to death by oppressive weights, or compelled to look like statues very badly draped. "But," say the opponents of crinoline, "why carry a heavier burden than is absolutely necessary?" We reply that the tension of silks, satins, or muslins lightens the weight, and allows of a larger quantity of clothing without imposing any additional burden on the wearer. On the other hand, antique petticoats caused ladies' dresses to drag in the mud, were heavier than crinolines, besides being ill-made, cumbersome, and immovable if they caught fire, and they *did* catch fire more frequently than many think, only in those days there were not scores of hungry London newspapers ever ready to chronicle domestic accidents in the dull season. On the other hand the present style of dress may be considered the ladies' life-preserver, for crinoline undoubtedly saves more lives than it loses. As a prevention against drowning, it is more efficacious than any swimming-belt, or an unlimited number of lessons at Brill's or the Pont Royal. As a preserver of health it beats Barry du Barry, or Parr's Life Pills.

The *Times* delights in describing what are ostentatiously headed "Deaths from Crinoline;" and Teapots believe all its old wives' fables; we are certain that more deaths have occurred, and more suffering has been occasioned, from lack of crinoline than from any other ostensible cause. Now-a-days, if a lady's sleeve catches fire, and the whole dress is thereby set in flames, that is duly chronicled and placarded on the boards at railway stations as "Another Accident from Crinoline!" We may be misinformed, but we have an idea that ladies wear no crinoline in their *sleeves*. Besides, if the new-fashioned substratum of a lady's dress, known as crinoline, be enveloped in flames, there is nothing easier than to slip it off at a moment's notice, and relinquish every vestige of fire without the aid of Captain Shaw, or the county engine. Nothing, with a little presence of mind, is more simple; and it is only adding injury to insult to abuse weak women for what is, after all, the cowardice or awkwardness of men who don't know what to do in an emergency, and wouldn't have the pluck to do it if they did. If men really mean all they say about women, the sooner we merge into paganism or feticism the better. Strait-laced Teapots, who boast of their "Christianity," forget that this very religion ennobles woman, and raises her above the beasts of the earth. "A woman," whatever her rank or position in society, is, in the

heart of every true gentleman, "a woman for a' that;" we don't profess, or indeed desire to have a few Hypatias, and look upon the rest as swine. It is man's fault—and a man is the writer of this article—if woman comes to bodily harm, as he is her natural protector. It is equally his own fault if he receives small thanks for trying to domineer over her in matters which do not really concern him. Some empty-headed fools abuse crinoline when their other stock of small talk fails; and paterfamilias always considers the wholesale abuse of crinoline as part and parcel of his inheritance. To such as these we can say nothing; the former are beneath contempt, the latter complain so that they may appear as Nestors in the household hive; though they know all the time that they would not like either their wives or their daughters to appear without the object of their invectives. We could say more, but our space is limited. In conclusion, we ask "Shall ladies or bishops curtail beards and moustaches? If the claim be allowed, and the *aidéeria*, divine and human, for so doing, be duly shown, we will, when this has been done, grant that men have something to say against crinoline.

HOME AND FOREIGN.

THE present Prime Minister does not swallow pearls, but he gives a good many away. The Foreign Secretary has gone further, and cast them before swine. The House of Lords has distinctly refused to recognize the foreign policy of Lord Russell; but the Radical portion of the House of Commons has such an intense admiration for Lord Palmérston's domestic policy, that Denmark and other little states are allowed to be flayed alive, as long as the "commercial prosperity" of this our beloved country and Whig officialism are allowed to remain hand-in-hand. The thought of going out of office acted, like Mrs. Pardiggle at the brickmaker's, as an inexorable moral policeman on the majority of Manchester men and Baptist baronets, who have by their votes prevented the overthrow of the present Government. The screaming dispatches and terrible invectives of Lord Russell have fallen innocuous. Mysteries are revealed to the meek; and we are given to understand, from a noisy majority of eighteen country squires, that Lord Russell may possibly preserve peace, but the way he sets about it makes war inevitable. Humboldt tells us

of savages who eat earth. We have been told by civilized Whigs that they are capable of greater achievements, that they have unbounded courage, and do not stick at a little dirt.

The Under-Secretary of State, having used the word falsification, was obliged to apologise. Mr. Hardy said the expression was calumnious. An appeal to the Speaker was made, and a decision given in favour of the Conservatives. Any sensible man would have accepted this decision as final; but the Whigs contested the point, and, although they were obliged to yield, a scene of personal recrimination ensued in the House of Commons which certainly reflects small credit on the authors of it. The "great censure debate" was a great boon to people who enjoy something racy; but it is proof positive of what we have often heard asserted, that parliamentary eloquence is, at the present moment, at a very low ebb. The sooner a dissolution takes place the better. We hope Mr. Gladstone will take his views on the suffrage with him to Lancashire, and keep them there. He will undoubtedly be supported by penny newspaper proprietors and retail tradesmen; but we should very much doubt if the most bucolic minds of Oxford country parsons would again return as a representative the financier who would tax charities, and probably appeal to the country on the "rights of labour and the power of the pence." Mr. Gladstone is, notwithstanding his eccentricities, by far the ablest member of her Majesty's Ministry. The notorious Wednesday divisions of 1862 soon brought the "conscientious" (?) Dissenters to their senses. Sir Morton Peto was taught that Englishman preferred their quiet churchyards to cant and Revivalist excitement. Sir George Grey refused to authorise the use of a Harvest Thanksgiving. Lord Westbury, having passed a Divorce Bill, produced a Bankruptcy Bill which had to be tinkered within an inch of its life before it could become law. We hope the pious promoter of these and other kindred courts may not have to take advantage of them himself; but that he will speedily retire from the office of law-maker seems evident. The dirty work of the past year has been done by private members of the House. Mr. Dodson's bill, Lord Gage's Apocryphal Bill, and Lord Ebury's proposed address to the Crown, have proved failures. Lord Ebury may, for all we know to the contrary, be an admirable hand at "losing hazards;" but he mistakes his cue whenever he plays for a safety with liturgical revision. The most serviceable bill of the session, which removes Lord Thurlow's Disabilities from the Scottish Episcopalian Clergy, was introduced by Sir William Heathcote. On the whole, the most

we can say of Ministers is, that they have done nothing--but remain in office and provide for their relations.

The war in America is gradually carrying death and devastation through the country. The Confederates have lost General Stuart and the Alabama. Gold has risen to 250. The stock of Irish and Germans is nearly exhausted, and pay day will soon come round for the benefit of the great untaxed. Denmark has been deceived and humbled. France was left in the lurch in Mexico after having helped us in the Crimea and China. The holy alliance of Russia, Austria, and Prussia has created no small stir. The Ashantee war creates a laugh, but it is nevertheless a scandal; and the New Zealanders have caused us considerable trouble at Tauranga. Let Englishmen, who pride themselves on the principle of fair play, however much they may set the principle at defiance, recollect that Kingi, the feudal chief, has been robbed of lands to which England has no more right than Russia has to Dover.

The session is over; and, for the moment, Lord Palmerston will remain cheerily at the helm, with a string of Radicals at his heels. Grouse-shooting will soon be over; and Whigs will again make their confession to their constituents, and thank God for having given them such liberal hearts.

EXON.

A LITERARY AND THEATRICAL LETTER.

SINCE my last many small events have taken place; but none of such importance as pre-eminently to claim the first place in my letter. On mature reflection I think I will just turn to what has certainly excited as much curiosity as anything, viz., the *Owl*. What is the *Owl*? said everybody, when first they saw announcements of marriages copied from it in the *Morning Post*. The question has not yet been entirely settled. But the *Owl* itself was a paper, at first of very bad material, consisting of one sheet, its first number being 1,000; and sold for the extraordinary sum of sixpence. Notwithstanding its high price, a second edition was called for in no time; and no wonder, for certainly no comic paper of the day comes anywhere near it. It is true that the contributors had the entrée into every place, and this gave them an advantage which few others possess; but still the talent shown in many articles, such as the "Conference,"

"Private Instructions to the Channel Fleet," etc., etc.; not to mention the clever manner in which the paper was conducted, so as to arouse the curiosity of the public, was sufficient to make the paper successful. Rumour pointed first to — Haywood, Esq., and Lady Robert Cecil as editors; Lady Gifford was also mentioned; now one of Lord Shaftesbury's sons is the favourite. For myself I cannot, with any regard for truth, point at one more than another.

In the way of books I have little to say. "Manhattan," who has made a name for himself with his American letters, and whose loss is by no means a small one, has written a novel, which, though I have not seen it, I hear is not fit for young ladies' perusal. By the way, talking of young ladies' reading, I hear "Anonyma" and "Skittles" are not forbidden books. In the abstract I look at this class of book as stupid, catchpenny productions, pandering to the morbid taste of the populace; and I certainly do not admire young English ladies studying such works, nor look upon it as a step in the right direction. Still, they seem to take with the British public, as I see "Agnes Willoughby," uniform with the above, has appeared.

Leah has, after a wonderfully long run, considering all circumstances, at last given way to the well-known *Dead Heart*. Miss Bateman, whose marriage is contradicted, after a few weeks' rest, proposes making a tour in the provinces, which will no doubt prove a success. One word about the *Area Belle*. It is a most charming farce. Old Paul, in footguards' dress, is a pleasing sight; but as for Toole as "Pitcher," "an intelligent and active officer," all I can say is go and see him. I am sorry not to be able to give as much praise to the *Royalty* as I could wish. In my humble opinion *Rumpelstiltskin* is a very stupid burlesque indeed; and the scene between the deaf grandmother and her grandson would disgrace a lunatic would-be author at Hanwell, and is even worthy of the author of *Mumbo Jumbo*. After many inferior petites pièces, Mrs. Selby has fallen back on *Leion*, so now both a woman as well as a man take their turn at the wheel. All praise to the Strand with *Mazeruka*, with Honey, Fenton, and Marie Wilton, "ever fresh and ever young." Though this piece is not up to *Orpheus*, it is excellent. Let us not forget Mr. D. James, whose acting and dancing are not to be equalled on any London stage. Of the other pieces, perhaps the less said the better; except let a protestation be here recorded against the assertion that *Timothy to the Rescue* is original. Not a bit of it.

Mr. Boucicault's name in connection with a piece immediately stamps the aforesaid piece as an adaptation, and this rule is not wrong about the *Fox Chase*. It is certainly a point in favour of those who talk about the decline of the drama in England, that this piece was not damned the first night. It is replete with glowing absurdities, and unnatural incidents, the part which excites most laughter being when the hero and villain, upon no known laws of gravitation, alternately ascend and descend in buckets in a well. The "Cure" played slowly would be a fit accompaniment. The detective, whose characteristics are wearing his hat well on one side, perpetually keeping himself in sight of his victim, and loudly telling every body what he is going to do, is as true to nature as the rest of the characters, and therefore in admirable keeping with the piece. Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, of course, act well; how can they do otherwise? He still pleases with *Used up*, and the performance ends with an absurd farce, *Shake Hands*. A burlesque, *Faust and Marguerite*, of which more in my next, has appeared. Why is Miss Herbert (almost the only lady-like actress on the stage) subjected to the slight of only acting in a first piece of three-quarters of an hour's duration, (*and now not at all*)? It is a pity the St. James's is not better managed. By the way, to return to the question of the high prices charged. The man who takes the money tells me as an excuse, that at the Haymarket they charge more. This is like a pickpocket excusing himself on the plea that such a thing as a burglar exists! But perhaps the "rank and fashion," which, says the advertisement, crowd the theatre, have to do with it. Between ourselves, I think this "rank and fashion" is a delusion on the part of Mr. Webster. The idea certainly prevails that the St. James's is more especially a theatre belonging exclusively to the "haut ton." The idea is not carried out favourably, I should venture to say, in a pecuniary point of view.

An Oxford correspondent informs me that "cries of the wounded" have issued from a local bookseller's, in the shape of an abusive squib against the *Anti-Teapot Review*; but the said squib has not, to my knowledge, reached beyond the precincts of a few undergraduates' rooms in Oxford. Silent contempt is the best way to treat such pitiful outpourings of a would-be satirist.

To turn to a more agreeable topic, we have to notice another production. No less a thing than a novel by an Anti-Teapot, entitled "A Change and Many a Change." (Hatchard, London.) When holding forth about a work by one of ourselves, I have to

be most cautious lest small-minded individuals accuse me of undue partiality; but I feel sure that no one can find fault, when I give my unqualified praise to this work. It is not fair to tell the story; but we will only say the interest is well sustained, and the reader has no excuse for napping during its perusal. The characters are, throughout, consistent, and some portions are far above the ordinary average of works of the kind.

The new police helmet has called forth much criticism by its hideous appearance. I hear only two thousand are to be issued. They are certainly of use in one respect, that the wearer cannot be "bonnetted;" yet, on the other hand, the holes are so large for ventilation, that the mounted police in a gale of wind have to reverse them, on account of the draught down their necks.

A hideous murder, in a railway carriage, points more than ever to the absolute necessity of there being some means of communication between the passengers and the guards. I think the common objection is not a strong one, viz., that timorous old ladies would be continually stopping the train on every jolt the carriage gave; for, even if they did, which I doubt, it is better than running the risk of being the instrument by which the inside of a carriage is covered with blood.

"SMOKING NO MURDER!"

It is not our intention to expatiate upon the introduction, production, and specific nature of tobacco—or to enter into a learned disquisition upon the chemical properties of the essential oils which it contains—for the special benefit of those among our readers who have *not* made chemistry a branch of their education: but, actuated by purely philanthropic motives, we shall endeavour to persuade the most hopelessly sceptical enemies of the fragrant plant, that its votaries are not taking the most direct and effectual means of committing suicide. We need not here add, that we should be unwilling to impose upon ourselves a similar labour of love on behalf of its more plebeian form of snuff—a mixture highly objectionable not only from its very inharmonious mode of reception into the system, *viâ* the nasal organ, but because it is almost invariably taken in excessive quantities by its admirers, who insensibly become enslaved by a vile compound of most doubtful ingredients, and which, to quote the words of the great chemist Duchâtel, is "nearly always poisonously adulterated." Not so, on the other hand, with regard to tobacco and cigars, which are proved to be nearly

always genuine. We all know that common opinion tends to show that they are chiefly manufactured from cabbage leaves—an irregularity which, though it may constitute a very excusable adjunct to the dinner table, is by no means a desirable substitute for tobacco. These charges have, however, been made entirely at random, and the searching microscope of Dr. Hassall has not succeeded in finding anything but the genuine leaf among no less than forty samples of common tobacco, and forty-six of cigars. Now, we should very much doubt if the most hardened anti-tobacco-temperance man would venture to stake his reputation upon a similar statement with regard to tea or coffee, which are almost invariably adulterated to an alarming extent. The world at large has almost forgotten Accun's celebrated work, entitled "Death in the Tea-Pot"—indeed, a new generation has sprung up; and fraudulent tradesmen continued in safety to feather their nests at the public expense, until Dr. Hassall, like a modern Al-Raschid, headed his dreaded commission, and subjected the names of the offenders to be held up to public execration in the Commissioner's Reports, just as in China the baker who uses false weights is nailed by the ear to his doorpost, "*pour encourager les autres.*" The result of Dr. Hassall's investigations was, as before stated, very comforting to smokers, though we have not the slightest hesitation in averring that the startling revelations elicited from the tea-pot tended materially to shorten the days of innumerable old ladies. May we not then set at defiance the arguments of the officious valetudinarian who daily imbibes in large quantities the Chinese beverage (popularly attributed to the tea plant), but who, at the same time, stedfastly pronounces smoking a slightly milder form of destruction than hanging? Can we not quietly retort by a tender inquiry into the processes commonly resorted to in its fabrication, or by a friendly discussion upon the probable connection between this and the real leaf, as it quits the parent plant, with playful allusions to the various poisonous combinations introduced? If, after this dose has been administered, he still persists that nicotine, in minute quantities, conveys in any degree the principle of dissolution to the human frame—such a man assuredly deserves to be handed over to the Inquisition as a confirmed and malignant heretic. Among the most illustrious physiologists, including the celebrated Claude Bernard, it has been long recognised that tobacco stimulates the digestion, and is, therefore, after meals, peculiarly beneficial: moreover, it possesses, in a refined degree, the narcotic and soothing properties of opium or absinthe, without being attended by the

enervating depression which always succeeds. It is needless to say that tobacco should be used in moderation, and not in excessive quantities. Excess in tobacco is very injurious; so, also, is excess in alcohol; and so, also, would be excess in mutton chops. With these few remarks we must close, amply rewarded if these hints should in any degree tend to remove groundless fears from the minds of too credulous smokers—and trusting that he who fills his pipe with the mild Latakia or Bird's-eye, as well as he who, like Byron, prefers *the naked* beauties of the leaf in the shape of a cigar, will hold on the even tenor of his way, unmindful of the prejudiced threats of D.D.'s and M.D.'s, whose classical researches, were they not filtered by the narrow pages of the *Lancet*, would have led them to take more to heart the touching words of the immortal poet—

“Nunc est smokendum :—nunc pipæ libero
Implentur bacco.”

Ch. Ch.

C. W. B.

A BRIDAL DIALOGUE.

ON THE OCCASION OF RETURNING FROM AN ECCLESIASTICAL
HONEYMOON.

“DEAR Minnie,” quoth the priest of Tithe-town,
“Dost know how much my mind is bent on
Parochial work which *you* may follow,
And which I'll speak about to-morrow?”

“Oh yes, my darling, I'm your wife,
To be obedient all my life;
The poor I'll visit, tend the sick,
And be a bride ecclesiastic.

“Some pills and poultices I'll make,
And *you*, my love, some *pills* must take;
That I may know what may be given
To *men* and boys as well as women.”

“Excellent, my love; the fact is
I will preach, and *you* will practise.”
“Oh yes, dear Bob, I'm quite intent on
She-parsonizing all in Tithe-town.”

Trin. Coll., Dublin.

E. S. T. D.

THE LITERATURE OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

PARIS LITERATURE.

Mélancolie, poésies par Gustave Sergent. Paris: MOQUET.

LIKE BURTON's *Anatomy*, the book before us does not partake of the sadness which might be expected from the title-page.

M. Sergent, who passed a very successful *cours* at St. Louis, has written some very admirable verses in a small volume of fifty-two pages. M. Sergent thinks with Lamartine, that the sweetest verses are composed on the "Bridge of Sighs." *L'Une et l'Autre* is a touching picture, in which the prayers uttered at Notre Dame form a striking contrast to a midnight scene at the Prado. The death of Lucretius is admirably told, and the *Souvenirs de Louis-le-Grand*, of which four stanzas were suppressed on speech-day, on account, probably of their political allusions, give Oxford professors and others who sneer at the Sorbonne and French universities in general, a tolerable idea of the standard of poetry recited even at the Lycées on la Saint-Charlemagne. The complimentary odes written by the young law-student, after he had dropped the uniform of the Parisian potash, are worthy of imitation by those English students whose trash was not so very long ago allowed to be uttered in the presence of royal blushes at the Sheldonian. We are aware that some of the passages will hardly suit the Protestant mind; but the intellectual and moral qualities displayed in *Mélancolie*, are so high as to leave the book with commendation in the hands of Anti-Teapots. We are glad to observe that one piece of poetry is dedicated to a distinguished Parisian member of the A. T. S.

HARROW LITERATURE.*

The *Tyro* is a very good specimen of public school literature, and presents an enticing list of contents. It also contains a full record of proceedings at cricket, and places past Harrovians *au courant* as to the details of athletic sports, the school rifle-corps, and debating society. Greek literature, Harrow slang, Things not generally known, and "Mrs. Gamp," are all cleverly treated; but the *bonne bouche* of all is No. 9 in the May No., entitled a "Tercentenary Ode to Shakespeare." We are only sorry that we have not room to place a few extracts before our readers, as the style, tone, and general character of these works are, on

* The *Tyro*, Nos. 5, 6, and 7, by Members of Harrow School. CROSSLEY AND CLARKE, 1864. Price 6d., published monthly.

the whole, far more likely to raise the public mind above the trammels of Teapotism, than all the sensation novels and lectures of the day.

ETON LITERATURE.*

We have received several numbers of this publication. The Public School Commissioners are very properly reminded that if boys wish to learn natural science, drawing, and music, they can do so elsewhere without troubling Eton. According to an Etonian calculation, Shrewsbury is placed first, Rugby second, and Eton third in classical honours. We are told nothing of Uppingham, Marlborough, or Repton, and yet all these are rising schools; but scholarship cannot be at a very low ebb at Eton, when in one number of the *Chronicle*, we see it recorded that the Latin Ode, the Camden Medal, and the Latin Epigram have all been carried off by Kingsmen. The *Eton Chronicle* will deserve success if it improves its matter, type, and unwieldy size. The pen of Paterfamilias† is indeed prolific. The public is again wearied with a very dull article against the general system pursued at Eton. As those who have never read history piously believe the exaggerations and inaccuracies of Macaulay, so those who know nothing about Eton will, from the description given of it, consider it, both as to its masters and students, the lowest school, morally and intellectually, which has existed since the days of Squeers. The writer tries to demolish the public school system, and makes out a case on paper; but, like the Essayists and Bishop Colenso, he attempts to cut the ground from under our feet, and provides no substitute. This will not do in England, whatever it may effect in Germany. For Latin verses and Greek prose we are to have French, "spoken as in Paris," of course, and elocution by a "practical teacher." Would not the writer like a little book-keeping and accounts?

The *Educational Times*‡ contains a long rigmarole on Eton education by Dr. Hodgson, a gentleman of whom we never heard before. The critic considers that Eton boys

"Learn but little here below
And learn that little ill."

From the speech before us, we come to the conclusion that we all have a great deal to learn except Dr. Hodgson, and that he alone is capable of acting the part of Cato in a degenerate Nineteenth Century.

* The *Eton Chronicle*. WILLIAMS. Price 3d., published fortnightly.

† The *Cornhill Magazine*, July, 1864. London: SMITH and ELDER.

‡ The *Educational Times*, June, 1864. London: HODGSON and SON.

RUGBY LITERATURE.

The revival of periodical literature is ushered in at Rugby with an apology. The first No. of the new serial begins so well, that it may well remain an open question whether such an apology, by way of preface, be needed. An article on Denmark is very ably written, and justly complains of the officiousness of Prussia in no measured terms; the officiousness here impugned is but too apparent to all travelling Anti-Teapots as soon as they reach Emmerich. It appears that a motion has been brought forward in Big Side Levée, to the effect that a ball, if dropped into touch, should be brought out from the point where it first touched the ground, and not where it stopped; an interesting discussion, with all the pros and cons duly stated, follows, and leaves lovers of foot-ball a large stock of argument on either side of the question.

The ascent of Helvellyn is well told, and may be read with profit by intending tourists. The *New Rugby* is quite on a par with other public school periodicals, and its general tone is healthy, and thoroughly Anti-Teapotty.

POOR FEET.

A PHILOSOPHICAL Scotchman and a shoemaker of forty-six years' standing form a rare combination. The venturesome spirit of our northern neighbours is proverbial; and it is not our fault that some one has said, "Go wherever you will, you are sure to find a Scotchman and a Newcastle grindstone." For our own part, we believe that the English, as a nation, know very little indeed about the Scotch beyond what Scotchmen themselves like to tell us. We give Scotchmen credit for hard-thinking (and drinking too): we admire their perseverance, and pity their climate. The most bigoted Englishman need not to be told that Scotland has turned out some very clever men. In every rank, and in all the professions, we find canny Scots who have left their native heather, toned down their little angularities, and become distinguished citizens of the world. There are very few Scotchman, in fact, who do not thrive as soon as they have crossed the Border. The author of the treatise before us is no

* The *New Rugby Magazine*, Vol. 1, No. 1; Vol. 2, No. 1. Monthly. CROSSLEIGH BILLINGTON.

† *The Foot and its Covering*. By James Dowie. London: Hardwicke.
Remarks on the Loss of Muscular Power. A Paper read before the British Association at Cambridge. By James Dowie. London: Hardwicke.

exception to the rule. We have Scotch statesmen, Scotch lawyers, Members of Parliament, professors, engineers, doctors, and enterprising tradesmen, as well as eminent merchants and shipbuilders; but a distinguished shoemaker had not risen from the northern parts till the days of Mr. Dowie. Let no one attempt to deny the Devonshire axiom, that experience bought is often better than wisdom taught, or he will be instantly floored by the fact of forty-six years' experience in boot-making, and a considerable amount of wisdom picked up at intervals; for Mr. Dowie has cultivated, both by experimental and scientific inquiry, an enlightened acquaintance with the physiology of the human foot, and with the manufacture of clothing material required. We are told that both workmen and wearer not only exhibit extreme ignorance about boots as they are and as they ought to be, and thereby divert the laws of nature from their normal course, but that social science has no greater difficulty to contend with than to turn the current of fashion into its proper channel in the shoeing of mankind. By way of illustration, the author describes the shoeing of young children as objectionable, because the normal development of parts is prevented; the feet are neglected by being laced into boots, rigid under the tarsus, and deprived of all their natural movements and elasticity. Thus weakened, the feet of juveniles are called upon to perform an extra amount of work in walking, "and many a helpless little one is lamed for life" (p. 7.)

The English ploughboy, we are told, furnishes an instructive example to our modern professors of gymnastics. We are next told that "agricultural labourers form a very large and interesting section of society." We admit their size, and numbers too, but we doubt if we should find them "good company." We may also remark, *en passant*, that the use of boots and shoes in Scotland is, amongst the lower classes in agricultural districts, conspicuous by its absence. We commend our happy rustics to the tender mercies of the Royal Agricultural Society, and leave that distinguished body to consider the shoemaking canons laid down by Mr. Dowie. Soldiers, volunteers, and policemen, whose feet were once free from blemish, often suffer from atrophy of muscle, ligament, nerve, and tissues of the feet generally, because they are shod on wrong principles. Pedestrians in the Tyrol and elsewhere would do well to attend to Mr. Dowie's hints; for he not only shows us the causes of premature lameness, but provides a remedy. The origin of "How's your poor feet?"—a question which is, to say the least, as hackneyed as Piccadilly in May—is traced to the camp at

Chobham. Mr. Dowie not only answers the question on behalf of the soldiers to whom it was put, but he tells them and us how to prevent and cure foot lameness by very simple means. High heels, a rigid waist, and curved soles, which deprive the instep and the tripod bearings of the foot of their respective normal functions, are condemned; and "turned-up toes," Mr. Dowie says, "affect the metatarsa-phalangial articulations, and the two exterior bearings of the balls of the great and little toe suffer the most afflicting and painful injury the foot sustains." The slaves of fashion are not always the wisest men; but a good fashion, introduced on sound principles, deserves consideration. The name or ideas may seem strange, but the name of Anti-Teapot seemed strange when it was first introduced; so, too, does the title of antiquary or freemason seem strange to the happy rustic who never heard of an Apollo Lodge or F.S.A. The principles laid down by Mr. Dowie are good. The sole under the instep is not to be rigid, the soles are not to be curved but straight, bilateral symmetry is to be avoided; and, in fact, poor feet are to be made sound, and the profession of chiropodists dispensed with, by attending to a few very simple hints.

A LETTER FROM MADHATTAN.

HURRAH! another battle's won!—

The war's as good as over;
 Jeff. Davis' reign is almost done,
 And soon we'll be in clover.

I guess you think we're going to smash,
 'Cause gold now always rises;
 But, Britishers, don't be too rash
 Or hasty with surmises.

In talking of your iron ships
 Of brag you are not chary;
 We've built a boat that steams afloat
 O'er dew upon a prairie.

On Canada we've got one eye,
 On Mexico the other:
 "Monroe" will be the battle cry,
 The voice of Right to smother.

In ninety days, as slick as grease,
 You'll see the Rebels finish'd—
 The Union crown'd with lasting peace,
 In strength no way diminish'd.

[LATER, PER CAPE RACE.]

There's later news about the fight
(I wish we'd ne'er begun it):
There was a *victory*,—I'm right;
But then—the *Rebels* won it.

EROOM.

Trin. Coll. Cambridge.

THE PARTNERSHIP.

A NOBLEMAN, dwelling in Italy's clime,
To seek out a wife thought it just the right time,
So choosing a beautiful nymph for his bride,
Desired his people a feast to provide.
The steward, the butler, cooks, upper and under,
Determin'd to strike the whole nation with wonder.
They rummag'd the earth, and they rifled the air;
And got the most luscious and delicate fare.
The game and the ven'son, the fruits and the flowers,
Were gather'd from forests, and orchards, and bowers.
From earth and from air they gain'd liberal store,
And fire gave aid, as she could give no more.
Thus three of the elements lent their assistance,—
The fourth was unruly, and offer'd resistance;
For Ocean was found in a temper so bad,
No boats could go out, and no fish could be had.
The butler looked gloomy, the cooks tore their hair,
The steward was the picture of grief and despair.
"Could ever a feast be prepar'd without fish?"
"No, indeed! 'twas the chief and most popular dish!"
"A wedding-feast, too! that so perfect should be!"
"And all to be spoil'd by this tiresome sea!"
The morning arriv'd, and the wedding took place,
The hour for feasting was coming apace,
Old Ocean still roaring, of fish still no sign,
And in less than three hours the guests were to dine.
When lo and behold! a stout fisherman came
Who had braved the rough ocean, and conquered the same
He came with a turbot so noble in size,
As to fill the spectators with joy and surprise.
They usher'd him in, and they caused him to stand
In the ducal saloon, with the fish in his hand;

And there, in the presence of bridegroom and bride,
And many a noble and beauty beside,
Exclaim'd, "You are welcome, good fisherman, say
But the cost of your fish, and the highest we'll pay."
The fisherman laugh'd. "Not for silver or gold,
"Or jewels of price, can my turbot be sold,
"But for one hundred lashes upon my bare back;
"Nor will I abate the least jot of a whack."
The company star'd; some, astonish'd, sat mute,
Some, the fisherman's price felt inclin'd to dispute;
"Twere ungrateful," they said, "to comply with his wish,
"And thrash the brave man who had brought them their fish."
But the fisher was firm, and the nobleman said,
"Well, well! he has got a strange whim in his head,
"But the fish we must have, and the price shall be paid
"In our presence; let ev'ry stroke lightly be laid
As snow-flakes descend in a cold winter's day;
He lets us have his fish, we'll let him have his way."
This settled, the mild castigation began
To the perfect content of this whimsical man,
Who, when fifty lashes had duly been told,
Cried, "Stay! that's enough, come hold there, hold! hold!
"I've a partner, and choose to be honest and fair,
"Let him have all the rest, for I've now had my share."
"You've a partner! what then, does the world contain *two*!"
Said the nobleman, "*two* such wild madcaps as you?
Let us hear who he is, and where he's to be found,
"Tho' his judgment, of course, cannot be pronounc'd sound."
"No stranger is he, you have seen him before,
"He's the porter who waits at your lordship's own door.
"He was certain, he said, I should get richly paid,
"And would not let me pass till this bargain we made,
"That whatever reward for my fish I might gain,
"One half should be his, and one mine should remain.
"This set me a nice little trick to contrive
"Just to shew him that knavery don't always thrive."
The porter was sent for with hearty good-will,
And of lashes received rather more than his fill;
Then sent from his post, he was suffer'd no more
To fleece honest men at the nobleman's door;
While the fisherman counted in silver and gold,
The price of his turbot, at least ninety fold,
And, what was worth all the rich treasure beside,
He gain'd a sweet smile from the beautiful bride.

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